

And what shall I doe then? Ile bring a beavy,
 A hundred blacke eyd Maides, that love as I doe
 With Chaplets on their heads of Daffadillies,
 With cherry-lips, and cheekes of Damaske Roses,
 And all wee'l daunce an Antique fore the Duke,
 And beg his pardon; Then she talk'd of you Sir;
 That you must loose your head to morrow morning,
 And she must gather flowers to bury you,
 And see the house made handsome, then she sung
 Nothing but Willow, willow, willow, and betweene
 Ever was, *Palamon*, faire *Palamon*,
 And *Palamon*, was a tall yong man. The place
 Was knee deepe where she sat; her careles Tresses,
 A wreake of bull-rush rounded; about her stucke
 Thousand fresh water flowers of severall cullors.
 That me thought she appeard like the faire Nymph
 That feedes the lake with waters, or as Iris
 Newly dropt downe from heaven; Rings she made
 Of rushes that grew by, and to 'em spoke
 The prettiest posies: Thus our true love's tide,
 This you may loose, not me, and many a one:
 And then she wept, and sung againe, and sigh'd,
 And with the same breath smil'd, and kist her hand.

2. Fr. Alas what pittie it is?

Woer. I made in to her.

She saw me, and straight fought the flood, I sav'd her,
 And set her safe to land: when presently
 She slipt away, and to the Citty made,
 With such a cry, and swiftnes, that beleeve me
 Shee left me farre behinde her; three, or foure,
 I saw from farre off crosse her, one of 'em
 I knew to be your brother, where she staid,
 And fell, scarce to be got away: I left them with her.

Enter Brother, Daughter, and others.

And hether came to tell you: Here they are.

Daugh. May you never more enjoy the light, &c.
 Is not this a fine Song?

Bro. O a very fine one.

Daugh.

Daugh. I can sing twenty more.

Bro. I thinke you can,

Daugh. Yes truly can I, I can sing the Broome,
 And Bony Robin. Are not you a tailour?

Bro. Yes,

Daugh. Wher's my wedding Gowne?

Bro. Ile bring it to morrow.

Daugh. Doe, very rarely, I must be abroad else
 To call the Maides, and pay the Minstrels
 For I must loose my Maydenhead by cocklight
 Twill never thrive else.

O faire, oh sweete, &c.

Singer.

Bro. You must ev'n take it patiently.

Iay. Tis true,

Daugh. Good ev'n, good men, pray did you ever
 Of one yong *Palamon*?

Iay. Yes wench we know him.

Daugh. Is't not a fine yong Gentleman?

Iay. Tis, Love.

Bro. By no meane crosse her, she is then distemper
 For worse then now she shoves.

1. Fr. Yes, he's a fine man.

Daugh. O, is he so? you have a Sister.

1. Fr. Yes.

Daugh. But she shall never have him, tell her so.
 For a trick that I know, y'had best looke to her,
 For if she see him once, she's gone, she's done,
 And undon in an howre. All the young Maydes
 Of our Towne are in love with him, but I laugh at 'em
 And let 'em all alone, Is't not a wise course?

1. Fr. Yes.

(by)

Daugh. There is at least two hundred now with
 There must be fowre; yet I keepe close for all this,
 Close as a Cockle; and all these must be Boyes,
 He has the tricke on't, and at ten yeares old
 They must be all gelt for Musicians,
 And sing the wars of *Thebes*.

2. Fr. This is strange.